

## Fancy Farming.

We have never done any fancy farming, and never expect to. Our experience on the farm has been of the hard-knocks character, made as easy as possible by the application of as much intelligence as we possessed or could gain by diligent observation and investigation. But we have no objection to fancy farming, if one has the means and disposition to engage in it. Indeed we have great respect for men who are able and willing to embark in the enterprise of farming for the sport of the thing, for their failures at least are often instructive. But such farming has not been altogether a failure in point of direct benefit. We are greatly indebted to the men who have "squandered" their money upon fancy stock and new methods, for what has appeared impractical has frequently through this means been demonstrated to be of the highest and most practicable usefulness. P. T. Barnum is remembered in his earlier days for having used an elephant to the plow. It was difficult to see how elephants could be made profitable in this way, and it is difficult still. But there might have been some who through all their lives would have thought that they could, had not Mr. Barnum's plowing been very unprofitable. He had the means and the disposition to experiment in that direction, and certainly there was no objection to it. Mr. Greeley used to have volumes of fun picked at him in regard to the alleged "morose" of "what he knew about farming." But he knew much more about it than he was given credit for, and it doubtless cost him considerable to learn the most that he knew. But he was a practical man, and an intelligent one, and such a man does not scatter his money without gaining a good deal of information. Mr. Greeley was of real use to agriculture, which got some benefit from his apparently extravagant agricultural enterprises. And it has been benefited by all such enterprises, by whomsoever made.

Almost everything that is new and expensive is denominated fancy farming. When man began to import Merino sheep and Short-horn cattle their enterprise partook of that character, and even yet there are by no means a few people who call the purchase of a cow or more than fifty dollars a part of fancy farming. But very many of the men—not all, it is true—who embark in such an enterprise as importing a new breed see in it the utmost practicability. The early importers of Merinos knew what they were about, or thought they did, and time has verified the soundness of their judgment. That they did not entirely comprehend the future, because the development of the country has been so astonishingly rapid, is, of course, the fact. But they saw something of the possibilities. They knew the country was adapted to sheep-raising and wool-growing, and they knew that a good sheep would be more profitable than a poor one, and, also, that there was a demand and would be a demand for fine wool. The man who drifts with the current, who gets into a groove and can not get out, thought sheep were sheep, and consequently that his scrubs were just as good as a Spanish Merino. His judgment was defective, that was all. His neighbor who paid for a single sheep more than a whole scrub flock was worth was deemed by the owner of the latter as reckless and fanciful. But he was intensely practical, as his profits and the profits of those who followed in his footsteps have abundantly proved. Such enterprises do not in any sense partake of the character of fancy farming, although they are so denominated. When the New Yorker began to drain mudholes and quagmires he was both laughed at and pitied, and about the most frequent remark that was made concerning him was that "a fool and his money is soon parted."

And strange as it may seem, even after his great success, and the success of others who have imitated his example, there are still plenty of men who doubt the sanity of a man who attempts to reclaim apparently worthless wet land by drainage. They call such enterprises as the extensive drainage of the Pullman farm, near Chicago, exquisitely fancy farming. But on the contrary it is entirely devoted of that character now. When it was first tried, perhaps it was reasonable to thus style it, but the farmer who at this late day does not appreciate the utility of drainage has not learned as much from the fancy farming of others as it was his privilege to learn. We know that on such soil as the most of Illinois, through drainage is the farmer's only safety, and that it will increase the value of his land fifty per cent for farming purposes. It is no longer an experiment, no longer fancy. The advantages of drainage are established beyond the possibility of doubt in any mind that is observing. In England drainage, perhaps, assumed at first more of the character of fancy farming than it did here. Indeed, much of the progress of English agriculture is directly attributable to what we would call purely fancy farming. Men who had capital, while having a sincere desire to advance the great industry, were quite as much impelled to experiment by the pleasure it afforded as by anything else; and some of them became bankrupt in the "sport." But they gave a great impetus to farming, and the whole world is to-day greatly indebted to them.—*Western Rural.*

A correspondent says that Mr. G. N. Boyer, a Carleton tradesman, was going to bathe in the Ottawa, near the old canal, on Wednesday morning, and just as he entered the water a huge fish seized his foot. The water was reddened with blood, but with the assistance of bystanders the fish was made to let go, and Mr. Boyer was, with some difficulty, able to go home. In the evening the monster was caught with a less interesting bait, and turned out, says the correspondent, to be a muskallonge, weighing 47-1/2 pounds.—*Montreal Witness.*

An exchange says that an Indiana young man has never voted, and has vowed that he never will, until his mother and sister can accompany him to the polls. If the young man's mother and sister are too busy to accompany him to the polls, they should employ a policeman to go with him; though a man who is afraid to go alone doesn't deserve to exercise the privileges of an American citizen.—*Norristown Herald.*

## Spoopendyke Crab-Fishing.

Coming up the river the other day, I saw a middle-aged gentleman in a plug hat and business suit seated in a scow beside an attractive lady, feeling around among a lot of strings pendant from the side of the boat, and warning the lady that she could not keep too quiet.

"Now, my dear," observed the gentleman, "don't you move, because I feel a crab on this line. I'll pull him up until he is in sight and then you slip the net under him. See?"

"Yes, dear," replied the lady, a little flustered as she contemplated her share of the performance. "But, Mr. Sloopendyke, what shall I do when I get the net under him?"

"Scalp him!" retorted Mr. Sloopendyke, drawing slowly on the line. "Now wait, he's there," and Mr. Sloopendyke became even more cautious in his movements. "See him! There he is! Scalp him, quick!"

Mrs. Sloopendyke jabbed the net into the water and swished around with great vigor.

"What ye doing?" yelled Mr. Sloopendyke, straightening up and glaring at her, as the crab struck a line for Newark Bay. "What'd ye think I had there, the bottom of the river? What'd ye suppose ye was trying to catch, a church? Take it out! Give it here," and he grasped the lady around the waist and took the net away from her.

"Did I scalp him?" asked Mrs. Sloopendyke, flushed with her exertions and trembling with her excitement. "Show him to me! let me see what he looks like!"

"Looks like!" roared Mr. Sloopendyke. "He looks like Sandy Hook by this time! Why didn't you scalp him? What's the matter with you?"

"I-I couldn't tell which was his head," faltered Mrs. Sloopendyke, who hadn't seen anything at all. "Pull him up again, and you'll see if I don't scalp the last hair on his skull!"

The English language lost its last charm for Mr. Sloopendyke, and he turned to his strings with a withering look of contempt for his wife.

"Now you be careful," he said at length. "Here's another varmint, and you mustn't let him get away. When I say 'Scalp!' you shove the net under him and just bring him aboard."

"Can you see him yet?" asked Mrs. Sloopendyke, waving the net over her head and peering into the water.

"Wait! Yes, there he is! Careful, remember. Now, scalp!"

He must have been a crab of phenomenal scholastic advantages to have gotten rid of that swoop, for Mrs. Sloopendyke, with a view to redeeming herself, went for the end of the string blindly, but with a strength of purpose that made failure impossible. She not only got the crab, but she slammed the net, and all over Mr. Sloopendyke's head.

"What—wah-h!" shrieked that gentleman, as he felt himself impounded.

"Lost him again?" exclaimed Mrs. Sloopendyke, who hadn't the remotest idea what a crab looked like. "Why, dear, what's that awful big spider in the net! Good gracious!"

"Take it off!" howled Mr. Sloopendyke. "Take it—wow! the thing has got me by the ear! Haul him off, will ye?"

Mrs. Sloopendyke dropped the handle of the net as if it were an old-fashioned bonnet, and gazed upon her husband in consternation.

"Gast the crab!" yelled Mr. Sloopendyke, tearing the net away. "Let go, ye brute! Wah-h!" and the unfortunate man wrenched the fish from off his ear and dashed it in the bottom of the boat.

"What's your scheme in doing that?" he demanded, holding his ear with one fist and shaking the other at his wife. "Think you've got to eat 'em right out of the water? Got a notion that he came up cooked and you must down him quick or he'll spoil!" yelled Mr. Sloopendyke, enraged beyond all control by the sight of the carnage that trickled down his fingers. "What'd ye mean by it?" and he sprang into the air and alighted on the unhappy crab, slipping up and sprawling full length in the bottom of the boat.

"Was that a crab, dear?" asked Mrs. Sloopendyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor. "Is that what you call a crab?"

"You thought!" ripped Mr. Sloopendyke, kicking at the bewildered crab. "That's the trouble with you—you think! Did ye think I was going to stand here and let that crab chew on my ear till his legs ached? Praps ye thought he was whispering to me! Maybe ye thought he was telling me a funny story! Well, he wasn't, and if he was his voice was so hoarse I couldn't enjoy it! Ye thought, did ye?" squealed Mr. Sloopendyke, his wrath rising as the pain and fear subsided; "thought a crab talked with his toes, like some women think, did ye? Oh, you thought! If I had such a head as that I'd fit it up with shack beds and a stick of gum and start a double boarding-school! With your ability to think, you only need a quart and four long words to be a Concord School of Philosophy!" and Mr. Sloopendyke plunged the oars into the water and began to row vigorously.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked Mrs. Sloopendyke, timidly, after her husband had pulled hard for some time.

"Home!" grinned Mr. Sloopendyke, with a horrible expression of visage. "I'm going home to show the people how much damage a rusticating idiot asylum can do with one measly crab when she pins herself down to it!"

"Of course," assented Mrs. Sloopendyke, humbly, "but say, dear, wouldn't you get on faster if you untied the boat?"

Mr. Sloopendyke turned and gave a sharp look at the bow. Then he hauled his hat down over his ears, stepped ashore and struck out at a brisk walk.

"I don't know," sighed Mrs. Sloopendyke, as I took her boat in tow, "I don't know, but I don't think I care much for crabbing, though I'm not sure but what it's more fun than walking home on the wrong side of the river with no bridge within seven miles either way!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A St. Louis railroad conductor awoke to find that he had overslept, and that his train had gone without him. He at once killed himself with a pistol.

## HOME AND FARM.

A Georgia farmer is reported to have grown 144 pounds of tea on one acre of land.

Prof. Townsend says "the Jersey is the gentleman's cow, the Ayshire the poor man's cow, and the short-horn the farmer's cow."

Many young ladies are taking up and occupying homesteads in Dakota. Mr. Failor says there are fifteen or twenty on claims near St. Lawrence.

Fly Poison: Boil one-quarter of an ounce of small chips of quassa in one pint of water; add four ounces of molasses. Flies like it, and it will destroy them.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Soft Ginger Cake: One cup of molasses, one-half cup of shortening, fill the cup with hot water and a heaping teaspoonful of soda, ginger, mix soft, roll and mark in squares with a fluting-iron, cut the squares and bake.—*The Household.*

In selecting paints for out of door work, the light colors should be preferred in point of durability, though at present fashion dictates the darker tints. The dark colors absorb the sun's rays and occasion earlier decay of the material painted.—*Chicago Journal.*

Every successive year seems to improve the quality of California fruits, and they are the wonder and admiration of the people. The large size does not, as might be expected, impair quality or flavor, and this is especially true of the huge pears.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Work-baskets can be ornamented in many pretty ways. Choose an open-work basket of some fanciful design; in the bottom paste with mucilage a lining of silk, or velvet, or satin, on which is painted or embroidered a spray of flowers. Around the edge of this lining in the bottom of the basket put a row of plaited ribbon, and another at the top also. It is not necessary to line the sides, though this is a matter of choice. These baskets make pretty gifts.—*N. Y. Post.*

Beef Pie: Cold roast beef, one onion, tomato, pepper and salt, one dozen boiled potatoes. Cut the cold beef in thin slices, and put a layer on the bottom of your dish, shake a little flour, pepper and salt; cut up a tomato, chopped fine, then add another layer of beef and seasoning until your dish is full; if you have any gravy put it in; have ready a dozen potatoes boiled and mashed with pepper and salt; spread over the pie an inch thick; bake twenty-five minutes or a little longer.—*Denver Tribune.*

Canned Pears: For the finer varieties, such as Bartlett or Seckel, prepare a syrup, allowing a pint of water and a quarter-pound of sugar to a pint of fruit. Drop each pear, after it is pared, into a pan of clear water. When the syrup has come to a fast boil, put in the pears carefully, not to bruise them, and boil them till they look clear and can be easily pierced with a fork. Have the cans rolled in hot water, pack with the pears and fill to overflowing with the scalding syrup, which must be kept on the fire all the while, and seal. Apples may be treated in the same way.—*Detroit Post.*

## Farm Machines.

A writer in the *Michigan Farmer* has many a true word to say on this subject: "When a large farm is run with hired help exclusively, machinery must take the place of hand labor, and is therefore a necessary adjunct. Machines render the employment of a large amount of labor within a given period unnecessary, and give a certainty to the accomplishment of results which are essential to success in every undertaking. But moderate farmers are apt to take the cue from large ones, and invest in machinery entirely beyond the capacity of the farm to economically handle. . . . In general principles the debt for a tool that pinches when payment comes is a debt that should not have been incurred. Better have used the old tools another year, or hired the use of one from a neighbor who could afford to own one. The prosperous period will not always continue, and the advice that points toward economy and a general balancing up while it does continue is the safest to follow. . . . The sales of tools which take 'talk' to effect, are the sales that give both parties trouble. . . . No test is instituted to discover weakness or to make comparisons, all is done by talk, and farmers are foolish enough to be captured by it. The rage for buying machinery is all wrong, and when another 'Black Friday' comes it will catch many a farmer with an iron-clad note to pay, for which value has not been received. The investment and interest are gone, and the earnings have not been sufficient to square the account."

Our experience has been such that hereafter our setting of blackberries and raspberries will be done in the fall, and the following will be our plan: If to grow in hills we shall plow ground but not harrow it, then plough out furrows six feet apart each way and at the crossing set a plant. If in rows mark one way with a corn marker and plough the other way good furrows six feet apart, then set a plant in furrow in line with corn-marker's teeth. You ask why we would not harrow—simply because we prefer to leave the ground up loose as possible, and as soon as spring opens and the ground is dry enough to go on, run a smoothing harrow—or a drag will do—over the plantation both ways. This levels down the ground nicely and does no harm to the roots of plants. As soon as plants are up run over them again with the smoothing harrow, lengthwise of the row, having team walk with a row between them. This puts ground in best of order, stirs up the surface and kills out all weeds and gives the plants a splendid start, and not one in fifty will fail to grow, especially if a small quantity of litter is thrown over each hill just as the winter sets in. Plants will not only start better but will make almost double growth the first year of those set in the spring. There is much more time to do it well in the fall, and the manure can be thrown right on the hills through the winter, taking far less than if scattered broadcast.—*Practical Horticulturist.*

## China's Opium Supply.

India is not the only foreign country from which opium is sent to China. It is sent from Persia and also from Turkey, but to a small extent and of inferior quality as compared with the Indian drug. In China itself the cultivation and manufacture of opium are said to have been steadily increasing of late years; and it is sometimes argued that for this reason the revenue which the Government of India derives from the drug is so precarious that in the interests of India, as well as in those of China, it would be wise to suppress the trade and to devise some more staple mode of raising a revenue equal to that which is now drawn from opium.

In 1871 one of the Anglo-Indian witnesses examined before the Parliamentary Committee already referred to expressed a confident opinion that the opium revenue would be less in the decade then commencing than it had been in the previous decade. This anticipation has not been realized. The aggregate net revenue derived from opium during the ten years ending on the 31st of March, 1881, exceeded by £11,632,165 (\$58,160,825), the aggregate net revenue yielded by the trade during the ten years which ended on the 31st March, 1871. The net receipts from opium during the earlier of these decades was £58,909,635 (\$294,548,175), while the net receipts during the later period were £70,541,800 (\$352,709,000).

It is always easy to prophesy, but so far as it is possible to form a judgment from experience, the probabilities would seem to be opposed to any considerable diminution of the Indian opium revenue, unless the opposition to it in this country shall be allowed to prevail.

—*Nineteenth Century.*

A Rockland woman has made a quilt containing 3,698 pieces. It is unnecessary to say that this Rockland woman is high up to a hundred, never wore glasses, milks all the cows on the farm and makes all the butter, beside doing her housework, helping in the hay field, going to market every other day, and getting through a thousand and one other duties in the course of twenty-four hours. It is unnecessary to mention these trifling things. Of course this Rockland woman is no exception to the general rule in the innumerable race of patchworkers.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Young Mr. Logan, of Nevada, was to have been married this month, but he undertook to destroy a nest of red ants by putting a coal on some powder near the hole and then blowing.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Salem (Mass.) Register mentions: Mr. J. S. LeFavour, artist, surprisingly benefited by St. Jacobs Oil. Rheumatism twenty years.

A GREAT many workers work best while the eye of the boss is on them; they strike while the eye is hot.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Albany (N. Y.) Argus observes: Judge McGowan, this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

"MR. JONES," began Smith, as they met at the corner to wait for the car. "Is it positively necessary that your son must sleep a week?"

"Not at all," Mr. Smith, was the prompt reply. "Not any more necessary than it is for your daughter and her beaux to sit on the front steps seven nights per week and keep us awake till one o'clock in the morning."

"My daughter, sir, has a perfect right to have a beau!" and my son, sir, has a legal right to play his accordion!" "Gentle men," began Mr. Thomas, as he came up, "I don't want to offend you, for we are all neighbors, but if you, Mr. Jones, would clean out your yard, and you, Mr. Smith, would poison your nuisance of a dog, I believe I would gain five pounds of flesh per week."

"Hello! Thomas!" saluted Brown from the rear platform of the car for which they had waited. "I've been waiting to see you for a week past. Your confounded old horse stands and stamps all night long, and none of us can get a wink of sleep. Just for a change, and to be neighborly, suppose you knock him on the head with an ax!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Faith. "Well now if you will only have faith in my treatment I will cure you." Staff and nonsense! The idea is absurd, and yet it is a fixed notion with many, especially those of the quack fraternity who trick the young into the use of their nostrums and then excuse their failure to cure from a want of faith on the part of their victim. The inventor of Dr. Guyot's Yellow Balm and Sarsaparilla, an old and respected physician, used to take especial delight in persuading those who had no faith in his prescription to "only just try it." Faith or no, faith, its effect as a blood purifier and a tonic, and its effect on the liver, kidneys and nervous system is most wonderful and is proven in every instance where used. The proprietors offer a thousand dollars reward for any remedy of impure blood, weakness, ill-health, dyspepsia, indigestion, nervous debility, urinary weakness, liver complaint, or any chronic female ailment that this remedy does not benefit.—*Castle.*

## THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 29, 1882.

CATTLE—Exporters..... 115 00 @ 125 00  
COTTON—Middling..... 12 00 @ 12 12 1/2  
FLOUR—Good to Choice..... 1 12 @ 1 13  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 1 00 @ 1 01  
CORN—No. 2..... 50 @ 51  
OATS—No. 2..... 22 00 @ 22 50  
PORK—Standard Mess..... 22 00 @ 22 50

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Middling..... 12 00 @ 12 12 1/2  
BEEVES—Exporters..... 7 00 @ 7 40  
FAIR TO GOOD..... 5 00 @ 6 00  
NATIVE COWS..... 3 00 @ 3 50  
BACON—St. Louis..... 6 00 @ 6 50  
HOGS—Common to Select..... 7 00 @ 8 00  
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 4 00 @ 4 50  
FLOUR—No. 2..... 1 00 @ 1 01  
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter..... 96 @ 97  
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 48 @ 49  
OATS—No. 2..... 24 @ 25  
RYE—No. 2..... 38 @ 39  
TOBACCO—Dark Leaf..... 14 @ 15  
HAY—Choice Timothy..... 16 00 @ 17 00  
BUTTER—Choice Dairy..... 20 @ 21  
EGGS—Choice..... 15 @ 16  
PORK—Standard Mess..... 21 50 @ 22 00  
BACON—Clear Rib..... 14 @ 15 1/2  
LARD—Prime Steam..... 12 @ 13 1/2  
WOOL—Tub washed, medium..... 32 @ 33  
Unwashed..... 28 @ 29

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Exports..... 7 25 @ 7 50  
HOGS—Good to choice..... 7 50 @ 8 00  
SHEEP—Good to choice..... 6 00 @ 6 50  
FLOUR—Winter..... 6 00 @ 7 00  
WHEAT—No. 2..... 1 00 @ 1 01  
CORN—No. 2..... 48 @ 49  
OATS—No. 2..... 24 @ 25  
RYE—No. 2..... 38 @ 39  
TOBACCO—Dark Leaf..... 14 @ 15  
HAY—Choice Timothy..... 16 00 @ 17 00  
BUTTER—Choice Dairy..... 20 @ 21  
EGGS—Choice..... 15 @ 16  
PORK—Standard Mess..... 21 50 @ 22 00  
BACON—Clear Rib..... 14 @ 15 1/2  
LARD—Prime Steam..... 12 @ 13 1/2  
WOOL—Tub washed, medium..... 32 @ 33  
Unwashed..... 28 @ 29

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Native Cows..... 3 00 @ 4 00  
HOGS—Sales at..... 63 @ 84  
WHEAT—No. 2..... 78 @ 79  
CORN—No. 2..... 48 @ 49  
OATS—No. 2..... 24 @ 25  
RYE—No. 2..... 38 @ 39  
TOBACCO—Dark Leaf..... 14 @ 15  
HAY—Choice Timothy..... 16 00 @ 17 00  
BUTTER—Choice Dairy..... 20 @ 21  
EGGS—Choice..... 15 @ 16  
PORK—Standard Mess..... 21 50 @ 22 00  
BACON—Clear Rib..... 14 @ 15 1/2  
LARD—Prime Steam..... 12 @ 13 1/2  
WOOL—Tub washed, medium..... 32 @ 33  
Unwashed..... 28 @ 29

NEW ORLEANS.

FLOUR—Good to choice..... 5 25 @ 6 00  
OATS—Choice..... 25 @ 30  
HAY—Choice..... 25 @ 30  
PORK—Mess..... 22 00 @ 22 25  
BACON—Clear..... 14 @ 15  
COTTON—Middling..... 11 @ 12 1/2

"They tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," replied Foggy, "it left me long ago."

J. F. D., of Cincinnati, O., writes: "Dr. Guyot's Yellow Balm and Sarsaparilla has eradicated from my system every trace of impure blood, resulting from a bad case of scrofula and syphilitic disorder of many years' standing."

A LADY had in her employ an excellent girl who had a fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs. Guyot tried to tell her to wash her face without offending her, and at last resorted to strategy. "Do you know, Bridget," she said in a confidential manner, "that if you wash the face every day in hot soapy water it will make you beautiful?" "Will it?" answered the wily Bridget. "Sure it's a wonder ye never tried it, ma'am!"

From the Hub.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe.*

No MAN that ever lived can clinch an argument without riveting his opponent's attention.—*Andrew's American Queen.*

Personal.

THE VOLTAIRE BELL CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and many rigors. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

To CALL a laundress a boomer friend is fat irony.—*Meriden Recorder.*

"Troubles often come from whence we least expect them." Yet we may often prevent or counteract them by prompt and intelligent action. Thousands of persons are constantly troubled with a combination of diseases. Diseased kidneys and costive bowels are their tormentors. They should know that Kidney-Tonic acts on these organs at the same time, causing them to throw off the poisons that have clogged them, and so renewing the whole system.

A MAX may like to stand on the pinnacle of fame, but he does not care to sit down on the first of it.—*Boston Star.*

Young men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dietetic Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

ENGINEERS think the flats of Washington can be improved. There are lots of them to work on.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Dead Shot.

may be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Mild yet certain in operation, and there is none of the reaction consequent upon laxative severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

A SHIP is always called "she" because she's never good for much until she's manned.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Woman and Her Diseases" is the title of an interesting treatise (96 pages) sent, postpaid, for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

SCUM invariably rises. Remember, young man, there is always room at the top.—*Yonkers American.*

One pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

An aesthetic correspondent says that Josh Billings has a vulgar walk. Yet a kind of Billings' gate.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

It is supposed that a furniture dealer is a very charitable person.

BUNNY MAN, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. \$1.

A good cocoanut is meaty, but a falling star is meteor.—*Lowell Courier.*

RUSSIA Salve is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and flesh wounds.

GAME and poultry are highest at night—when the birds and the fowl roost.

With Diamond Dyes any lady can get as good results as the best practical dyer. Every dye warranted true to name and sample.

EARTHQUAKES are so common in some parts of California that the people have substituted them for fever and ague.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

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## Merchant's GARGOLIN LINIMENT

for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport, N. Y. U. S. A., 1833, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies especially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGOLIN Liniment, and we claim it is without an equal.

It is put up in bottles of various sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Liniment is in a white wrapper (small) for human and fowl flesh, and in a blue wrapper for animal flesh.